

## Sunrise Over Saturn

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Summary: In insight into the mind of the silent senshi.

### Sunrise Over Saturn

Have you ever seen the sunrise from Saturn? I doubt it, it's not very impressive, because from that distance the sun is just a bright star. But instead you watch the moons rise and fall in the sky.

><br>I've never been to Earth's Moon, where the Kingdom I supposedly belong to is, even though I'm a Senshi. I've never gone because they are afraid of me, afraid of my powers. They act as though I will hurt them, which I never would. They think that just because I'm silent, that I must be akin to the devil. I'm not. I'm a child who was born with a gift.

><br>That's what they called it. A gift from whatever God or Goddess is out there...it's a curse to me. I have no friends, and even the other Senshi are afraid of me. Except for one, of course. Sailor Pluto. The most distant of the Sailors, no ones actually afraid of her, but more of her persona, she's cold, distant, dark. She's like a mother to me though, because we both are the quiet ones. I only talk when needed, and she when her timeline is in danger. To me she is warm and loving.

><br>But she's told me something disconcerting. What I must do in the future, to use my most descriptive power against my own kingdom. I'm thankful she hasn't told me when. All I know is that she will come and tell me that it's time. It's the only thing I'm scared of.

><br>I'm the youngest of all the Senshi, and among the most innocent, but I hold within me the power to destroy and it's something I deal with every day. That's one reason I like lamps, they help me control that urge to destroy. Just one good push and the pieces are on the floor. And one more light is taken out. One more insignificant light is taken out.

><br>Pluto's here and I know what for. Another light is to be taken out. I am taken to the Moon and look upon the rubble. I see the bodies of my comrades in arms, my Princess that I was supposed to help protect, and my Queen. Pluto vanishes, to leave me to my duty.

><br>"Death..." My glaive rises.  
>"Reborn..." What will be shall be.<br>"Revolution!" This is my duty.  
  
><br>And from Saturn, a bright star rises.  
>But on the Moon, the Sun rises on a crater-filled empty satellite  
that once held the most beautiful kingdom before my destiny of this  
time was fulfilled.<br>  
>Someday, in one of my lives, I don't want to be feared. <br>

End  
file.